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THE

PATRIOTS;

A

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

AUSI OMNES IMMANE NEFAS AUSOQUE POTITI
Vendit hic AURO PATRIAM dominumque potentem
Imposuit: fixit Leges PRETIO atque refixit.

LONDON:

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*" The following Eclogue was written soon after the Election
" of Mr. B—ke, jun. for the Borough of Malton, and sent to
" the Editors of the Morning Chronicle a few days before his
" death was announced.*



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ARGUMENT.

THE reader of taste need not be reminded, that the early commentators upon Virgil discovered an allegorical sense in his first Eclogue. The design of this imitation is nothing more than to transfuse into *plain English* the spirit of this allegory, and to adapt it to *existing circumstances*.

The speakers in the dialogue are two well-known *patriots*; who are supposed to be seated next each other in the secret committee room; and to hold a little chat before the rest of the members assemble. The topic most obvious for their discussion is the very different and very opposite result of their respective labours *in the public service*; the one having been lately appointed Secretary at War; the other having been obliged to retire from Parliament upon his pension, not without a mixture of mortification and chagrin (*vide ver. 23.*) at the disappointment of the hopes which he had entertained of restoring despotism to France. —It might reasonably be expected from one, (who has at least the natural fondness of a parent for his own productions) that he should wish to survive the accomplishment of those prophetic conjectures, which foretold that the French revolution would “be obliged to pass through
“ great varieties of untried being, and in all its trans-

“ migrations to be purified by fire and blood.” (*Vide* Reflections, last page.) His Reflections certainly may be said to have had a share in producing the effects that they so *sanguinely* predict; and the unfortunate victims of the guillotine might most of them have said, in the phrase of Milton, “ for this we may thank—Burke.” The Hon. Secretary, who may be considered as a pupil “ worthy his master, as his master him,” is supposed to derive his name from a principle of versatility, which he seems to possess in common with his new colleagues.

“ *Mox cum dederit servilia nummos*

“ *Fiet et illius, quam non amat.*”

Not that the Right Hon. Secretary is supposed to be dissatisfied with his present situation—unless there should be a prospect of a better—but, from a mere principle of change, he may, perhaps, be again induced to gratify the whimsical propensities of his mind, by joining his *quondam* friends.

THE
PATRIOTS.

A POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

SCENE, *The Committee Room.*

TEDDY.

WINDY, at ease upon the treasury bench,
You rail against the Jacobines and French!

2. *Jacobines and French.*] The indiscriminate invectives
of the Right Hon. Secretary must be sufficiently notorious
to every reader of the parliamentary debates. (*Vide* all his
speeches for the three last sessions.

I quit

I quit the House ; and bid a last adieu !

To tropes and daggers—which I leave to you !

I quit

3. *I quit the House, &c.*] Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva.

3, 4.] Nos patriam fugimus ; tu Tityre lentus in umbra Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.

4. *To tropes and daggers—which I leave to you.*] It has already been observed in the argument, that the Right Hon. Ex-patriot has been a kind of tutor, or παιδάγωγος, to the Right Hon. Secretary ; not that by the word παιδάγωγος is meant that respectable personage in our Greek drama's, who seldom interposes his authority, except to moderate the passions of his pupils ; and who is properly styled the “*aspirantis et invidiæ corrector et iræ* :” but rather in the modern sense of the word, as one who “*os tenerum pueri balbumque figurat*,” teaches his pupil the art of speaking ; for which purpose a practical trope may be of use occasionally, as was proved by the Right Hon. Author of the Sublime and Beautiful, in a speech delivered before the House of Commons, when he darted a dagger with such vehemence, as made the Chancellor of the Exchequer mistake his energy for such a derangement of intellect, as made it unsafe to trust him with his personal liberty ; and is said first to have suggested the idea of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act. The unpleasant effects of which the Right Hon. Patriot has chosen to obviate by a sort of voluntary

I quit the House ; but you are left to sing 5
The new-born virtues of your patriot King.

WINDY.

Teddy, the comforts of my place and office,
I owe to George's more than mortal novice!

luntary secession, which he adopts rather from motives of prudence than choice; or in the words of the poet *ἐκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ*. In his office of pædagogus he will likewise endeavour to improve his pupil's talents for theatrical representation; which seem of late to have been very happily imitated by his Majesty's Ministers, (*vide* Theatre de la Nation, in the Morn. Chron.) He therefore first irritates—then pacifies: *irritat—mulcet*; fills him with FALSE ALARMS—*FALSIS TERRORIBUS IMPLET*. Accordingly we see him amongst the most eminent of the ALARMISTS.

IMITATIONS.

7. *Teddy, the comforts, &c.*] O Melibæ, Deus nobis hæc
OTIA fecit.

8. *More than mortal novice.*] An allusion to the heaven-born Minister: a term which has frequently been applied to the late Lord Chatham, and to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

(For sure such bounty and such heavenly grace
Were never seen in one of mortal race.) 10
For him I'll tune afresh my shrillest note,
And charge with metaphysic gas my throat!
For

11. *For him I'll tune afresh, &c.*] The acuteness of the Right Hon. Secretary's tones are scarcely surpassed by the acuteness of his arguments—They are, indeed, admirably adapted to each other.

Ib.] Illius aras sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

12. *Metaphysic gas.*] The subtlety of the Right Hon. Secretary's arguments is frequently too volatile for the grosser intellects of the country gentlemen, and is somewhat apt to evaporate.

“For it is of a nature so subtle,
“That unless it is guarded with care;
“The odour will fly through the bottle,
“And the spirit impregnate the air.”

He is so perfectly master of Aristotle, that he can prove *quidlibet de quolibet*: for instance; if a person were to desire, that he would prove the moon to be made of cream-cheese, his syllogism would probably run thus:

Major

For him I'll squeak in subtle mood ; and prove
 How hate profess'd is sign of hidden love!
 He *with a nod* would listen to my song, 15
 While fluent quibbles trickled from my tongue!
 And now hath call'd me to this happy place,
 " Where every tear is wip'd from every face."

Major—Cream cheese is organised matter.

Minor—But the moon is organised matter.

Consequence—Therefore the moon is made of cream cheese.

13, 14. *And prove how hate profess'd is sign, &c.*] These lines would probably be unintelligible from the seeming impossibility of the attempt, did we not know the Right Hon. Patriot's talent: for, by the same rule of logic that he inferred the immense numbers of concealed weapons from the paucity of those discovered amongst the conspirators, he might prove the angry and fretful opposition which for eight years he maintained against the Chancellor of the Exchequer: *might*, nay *must* have been the effect of his love.

15. *He with a nod.*] Ille meas *errare* boves, ut cernis, et ipsum ludere, *quæ vellem*, calamo permisit agresti.

TEDDY.

I do not envy (Heaven forefend the thought!)
I rather wonder at thy happier lot : 20
Who thus at length, remov'd from danger far,
" Ride in the whirlwind, and *direct the war.*"
Whilst I, poor outcast ! sick of the contention,
Have nothing to console me—but my pension :
And, after all my homage to the great, 25
Can scarce bequeath this hopeful youth my seat.

19. *I do not envy.*] Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

23. *Whilst I, poor outcast.*] En ipse capellas protenus æger ago.

24. *But my pension.*] Perhaps the Right Hon. Exile did not wish to boast prematurely; or he might have mentioned the *intended* kindness of his patron, Lord Fitzwilliam; by whose interest he has been enabled to retain his seat at the council, and probably to enjoy *the salary of the Lord President.*

25. *This hopeful youth.*] Δεικνύς—his son—*spem gregis!*

26. *Can scarce, &c.*] Notwithstanding, however, the difficulty implied in the word *scarce*, the Right Hon. Speaker succeeded in securing to his son the reversion of his seat for Malton.

If

If thou can'st steal five minutes from the state,
Describe the godlike author of thy fate.

WINDY.

I, in my hapless, unenlighten'd days,
Thought "solid pudding scarce worth empty praise."
So was I wont to think the sterling sense 31
Of Charles, worth all Dundas's impudence.
So was I wont to value Brinsley's wit,
More than the turgid eloquence of Pitt.
So in minorities I chose to fret, 35
Rather than figure in the cabinet.
He, prince of patriots! imp of royal grace!
Prettyman's pupil—like in heart—as face!

27, 28. *If thou canst steal, &c.*] Sed tamen iste Deus,
qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

29. *I in my hapless, &c.*] Urbem quam dicunt Romam,
&c.

31. *So was I wont, &c.*] Sic canibus Catulos similes,
sic matribus hædos noram.

35. *So in minorities, &c.*] Sic parvis componere magna
solebam.

37. *The prince of patriots.*] Verum hæc tantum alias
inter caput extulit urbes, &c. &c.

Consummate Proteus! in or out of place,
 Can try all changes, and all changes grace! 40
 Now with rank Jacobines, (freedom his pretence)
 Affail the throne!—now turn King's evidence;
 Now doom to durance—'till he makes fresh laws—
 The sturdy champions of his late-left cause:
 And lead the mazy circles of this dance— 45
 Almost as quickly as he conquers France!

TEDDY.

42. *Now turn King's evidence.*] The poet has been a little hasty—The Chancellor of the Exchequer (not indeed from a diffidence in his own versatility, which is well described in the 40th verse, but) from an apprehension, lest in the character of King's evidence he should be obliged to disclose matter which might criminate himself, has prudently assigned to the Duke of Portland the task of prosecuting those state criminals, which *His Grace* will be able to do without breaking any *old* ties of friendship or acquaintance.

46.] The reader must not suspect the poet of inaccuracy in his use of the word *almost*; for though the rapidity of the Right Hon. Chancellor's transitions from the extremes of Jacobinism to the *ultima Thule* of arbitrary power is well known; and the conquest of France to superficial observers appears more remote than ever; yet it is the *bounden duty* of all

TEDDY.

But say what cause (for cause thou surely hast,)
Induc'd thee, Windy, to change sides at last?

WINDY.

A competence; which came (though somewhat
late)

To cheer the untimely baldness of my pate; 50
Which came, when sick and nervous with alarms,
I fled from Charles to Billy's richer charms.
For I must own, (this truth needs no defence)
I ne'er could hope from Charles a competence;

all loyal subjects to look upon that event as a state secret;
which may possibly be developed in the course of the twenty-
five next succeeding campaigns.

50.] The Right Hon. Secretary, like Socrates, is rather
bald, and probably owing to the same physical or metaphy-
sical cause: Aristophanes, in his "Clouds," represents
him as suspended in a sort of cabin; and from thence, in
his eagerness for metaphysical researches, the μελέωρα παρά-
μαλα, he might possibly have jolted his head against the
ceiling.

53. *For I must own.*] Namque (fatebor enim) &c. &c.

Though

Though to display my warmth and zeal I strove, 55
 With syllogisms—that would nothing prove :
 Nor tropes forgot, nor quirks in his defence ;
 Nor pious frauds—nor aught but common sense :
 Though none more venturous in the cause, or rash,
 I ne'er yet saw the “ colour of his cash.” 60

TEDDY.

I oft have wonder'd why, with spells and charms,
 Billy so oft had conjur'd up alarms.

55. *Though to display, &c.*] Quamvis multa meis exiret
 victima sepius.

58. *Nor pious frauds.*] This probably alludes to an acknowledgment made by the Right Hon. Secretary in the House of Commons, (when he was taxed with a little inconsistency upon the subject of voluntary subscriptions) that though he did not in his own mind dispute their legality, yet that he strongly pressed the illegality of the measure upon his constituents, as thinking any means justifiable that might at that time embarrass the executive power.

60. *I ne'er yet saw, &c.*] Non unquam gravis ære domum mihi dextra redibat.

61—67. *I oft have wonder'd.*] Mirabar quid mœsta deos,
 Amarylli vocares: cui pendere sua patereris in arbore
 poma.

Why,

Why, with much milk of human kindness blest'd,
 Dundas discharg'd (o'erloaden and oppress'd
 With cares of public and of private life) 65
 The double duties of his place—and wife!
 Why Jenky yell'd and Loughborough rais'd his whoop!
 Windy was wanting to the motley groupe!

Thee,

63. *Why with much milk, &c.*] This Right Hon. Secretary of State to whom the poet alludes, made a very pathetic remonstrance to the House upon the arduous duties imposed upon him; but, from the equivocal manner in which he expressed himself, the House was for some time in doubt, whether he meant to complain of those *public* duties, which he has for several years discharged *without a murmur*; or rather of those conjugal claims, to fulfill which (notwithstanding honey-moon was scarcely passed) he seemed to confess his inability. This anecdote induced some critics to substitute (in ver. 32.) the word “impotence” for impudence; which, however, is certainly not so characteristic of the Right Hon. Secretary's qualities.

67. *Why Jenky, &c.*] These two noble personages have been much distinguished by their endeavours to raise alarms. The one has a journal under his immediate controul—the other is much noted for his fluency in what Sterne would call the “Cant of Hypocrisy.”

Thee, Windy, thee, the treasury prints regale
 With daily incense—since their libels fail! 70
 Puff with stale paragraphs (sure sign of grace!)
 And welcome their alarmist to his place!

WINDY.

What could I do? Who else would hear my pray'r
 With ears so open as the Premier?

How

“ ——— Quo non præstantior alter,
 “ *Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere* CANTU.”

68. *Windy was wanting, &c.*] Tityrus hinc aberat.

73. *What could I do?*] Quid facerem?

77. *Here, as it chanc'd.*] Hic illum vidi Juvenem.

Ib.] The reader must recollect that (as has already been stated in the argument) the scene lies in the Committee Room: he should, however, be apprised, that the dialogue is supposed to have passed at the *last* meeting of the Secret Committee. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (in consequence of their perfect coincidence in opinion relative to the apprehension of the state criminals, and the success of those reports, which they had industriously circulated, about plots, Jacobines, gunpowder, guillotines, &c. by different handbills dispersed abroad, and pasted upon the walls of the metro-

How could I else display my patriot zeal, 75
 To raise myself—and serve the common weal?
 Here, as it chanc'd one day, both out of sorts,
 We join'd our heads—to *fabricate reports*.

metropolis) must have agreed to appoint the Hon. Secretary to his present place. It would have been beneath the dignity of poetry to have intended an *equivogue* upon the phrase "*fabricate reports*:" we should be careful, therefore, how we impute to the poet so wanton a transgression of the laws of his country, as well as the laws of poetry; for if we consider that the Right Hon. Compilers of these *Reports* had not only to pack up a quantity of loose and rough materials, and to arrange the different extracts from the public papers, (for of such chiefly do their Reports consist) in a regular and chronological series, but that they had to fill up those rude sketches with conceits of their own, and *bring forward* the grand *contour* by a judicious and artful disposition of light and shade * the rough materials, it may easily be conceived, would differ so widely in shape and substance from the high-wrought picture, as it came fresh from the touch and colouring of the Right Hon. Alarmists, that they might almost have claimed it as their own.

"*Materiem superabat opus.*"

* Mr. Thompson convicted them of some very material suppressions.

C

And

And shew'd the danger (fond to raise alarms!)
 Of plots unform'd and rebels without arms: 80
 He saw and pitied thus my shatter'd nerves!
 —So may each patriot rise as he deserves!—
 He saw, and gave me, to relieve my mind,
 The half-fill'd station—which Sir George resign'd.

TEDDY.

Thrice happy patriot!—thou at last hast gain'd, 85
 (Thanks to th' alarms, thou hast or felt or feign'd!)
 So snug a birth and such an easy place,
 As serves, at least, to keep thee in good case!
 Thrice happy patriot!—thou art now preferr'd!
 —Almost as highly as thou hast deserv'd! 90
 Let agents feel thy powerful eloquence!
 —Split hairs in bargains—as in arguments!

84. *The half-filled station.*] The Right Hon. Secretary's modesty, or conscious inability, was so great a few years ago, that he thought the office of *Under-Secretary* to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland too much for his puny talents.

“Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.”

Or

Or let ***** feed those remorseless leeches—
And leave thee leisure to compose thy speeches!

WINDY.

Sooner shall Mornington's long-winded prose 95
Exhaust its speaker—ere his hearers doze!
Sooner to truth Dundas shall make pretence,
And Jenky junior deviate into sense!
Than his fond image ever cease to reign
In the distracted chaos of my brain! 100

TEDDY.

I, hapless wretch, (so George and Pitt ordain!)
Must join the swinish multitude again!
And now must preach to the rebellious throng
“The right divine of kings to govern wrong.”
Oh! could this * youth (the thought my spirit cheers)
The hopeful solace of my doting years! 106
A patriot, like his father—good and true—
But serve his country in a place—like you!

100. *In the distracted chaos.*] “Whilst memory holds her
seat in this distracted globe.” *Hamlet.*

* His son.

Might I, since thus discarded I retreat,
 Leave him my pension—as I've left my feat! 110
 In proud contempt I'd laugh at the designs
 Of opposition—and the Jacobines.
 But farewell all my instruments of art!
 Ye air-drawn daggers—which I us'd to dart!
 Tropes that have hurl'd (as fancy might ordain) 115
 Kings from their thrones—and perch'd them up again!
 Speeches now for and now against the throne!
 “Your Teddy's occupation now is gone.”

113. *But farewell all, &c.*] *Ite meæ felix quondam pecus!*

115. *Tropes that have hurl'd.*] This Right Hon. Orator declared, during the much-lamented and (AS WAS THEN GENERALLY HOPED) temporary suspension of his Majesty's intellectual powers, that “the Almighty had hurl'd him “from his throne.” He is, however, disposed to make ample atonement, and to raise him *now as* much above, as he then depressed him *below*, the character of First Magistrate of a free people.

118. *Your Teddy's occupation, &c.*] “Othello's occupation now is gone.” *Shakespeare.*

WINDY.

WINDY.

But stay this night! (I know thou lik'st the sport,)
And charge with plots and treason this report! 120
Here stay with me—and let thy fancy loose!
Behold how apt the ingredients for thy use!
Here shalt thou want nor chronicle nor journal;
Pamphlet, nor toast, nor sentiment carmagnot!
And hark! the watch his midnight round is gone! 125
Stay then, nor quit me, 'till thy work be done!

119. *But stay, &c.*] Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem.

122. *Behold how apt.*] Sunt nobis mitia poma, &c.

125. *And hark! the watch! &c.*] Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant.

F I N I S.



